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Stories by Prominent People

G. Bourcier St. Chaffray said at dinner in Michigan City of loss that he had more than made up.

"I made up that loss cleverly, did I not? It is like an old blind great uncle of mine whom my father used to tell of."

"My great uncle once buried \$4,000 in gold louis under a pear tree in his garden. His neighbor saw him do it, and in the dead of night came and stole the money, replacing the earth carefully."

"Some days later my uncle brought fifty more louis down to the pear tree for burial. He soon discovered his loss, and, silently weeping, he, too, replaced the earth."

"He knew whom to suspect, and that night he called on his neighbor. He seemed thoughtful and distrustful, and the neighbor asked him what oppressed his mind."

"Well, I'll tell you," said my great uncle frankly. "I have 1,000 louis hid away in a safe place, and today a tenant paid off a mortgage, and I have another 1,000 louis in cash on my hands. I don't know whether to seek out another hiding place for this money, or to put it where the other is. What do you advise?"

"Why," said the neighbor, eagerly, "if your first hiding place is safe—and you declare it to be so—I should certainly put this other money there, too."

"My great uncle said firmly that was what he would do; it was the wisest course. Then he took his leave. "And when, next day, he went to the pear tree again, there, sure enough, was his lost 1,000 louis, all put back again."

"Rudyard Kipling, when he dined with me," said with some pride, a literary Chicagoan, "told me about Simla. "It seems that Simla is up in the mountains—the hills, as they say in India—and the ladies go there in the hot weather to escape the heat of the low country."

"Well, Kipling said that one lovely, cool morning at Simla, he was presented to a grass widow. They call those ladies grass widows whose husbands are detained by work in the hot cities of the plains."

"She was awfully pretty and charming, and as they talked together in the pleasant coolness, Kipling said:

"I suppose you can't help thinking of your poor husband grilling down below?"

"The lady gave him a strange look, and he learnt afterwards that she was a real widow."

Charles Dalmores, the French tenor, lighted a cigarette and passed out of a Broadway restaurant, and the head waiter said:

"He is the most generous tipper who has visited America this year. It is odd for a Frenchman to tip lavishly. As a rule, the French are rather—er—modest with their tips."

"I will tell you a good one on Mr. Dalmores."

"A day or so after he concluded his new contract with Mr. Hammerstein, he lunched here, and, at the end of luncheon, beckoning his waiter to him, he said:

"Baptiste, you always look after me well. What is the biggest tip you have received this year?"

"Five dollars, Monsieur Dalmores," said Baptiste.

"Well," said the tenor, "I'll make that tip look foolish. Here, mon vieux, here is \$10 for you."

"And he handed the waiter a crisp \$10 note, and then smiled and said:

"Who was it, do you remember, who gave you the \$5 tip?"

"It was yourself, sir," said Baptiste, as he gratefully tucked the ten in his pocket."

Discussing the spring rush to Europe, J. Stuart McDonald, the naval officer of customs in Baltimore, said the other day:

"During the last spring rush a friend of mine, a shy young man, had an adventure."

"My friend, the first night out, played bridge in the smoking-room till about 11, then took a night-cap and retired."

"But a few minutes later he rushed back, pale and worried."

"Purser," he said—the purser had been one of the bridge players—"there's a lady in my cabin. You've put me in with a lady."

"Rats," said the purser. "We don't make errors like that on this ship."

"And he got out his passenger list."

"You share your cabin with Captain Maybury," he said. "Go on back and you'll—"

"Nothing could persuade me," the other interrupted, "to return to that room."

"Then I'll go," said the purser.

"And he did. But he soon returned, smiling and perplexed."

"There is a lady in there," he said. "I'll put you somewhere else for the night. Come and see me the first thing in the morning, and we'll look into this."

"Well, the next morning my friend sought out the purser, and the purser sought out the stateroom steward."

"I don't understand it," said the steward. "Captain Maybury's the gentleman assigned to that there room. Here's an unlocked portmanteau of his'n. Suppose we open it?"

"They opened it, and their eyes fell on a lace petticoat, a corset and hairpins."

"By jingo," said the purser, as he took up a book that lay beneath the petticoat, "I see it all now. She sent her name in as Captain Maybury, but she never said she was in the Salvation Army."

George W. Rector, at the Lucullus Club's superb \$20-a-plate dinner in New York, said during the terrapin course:

"The gourmet is a connoisseur of foods and wines. The gourmand is a low glutton."

"It was, for instance, a gourmand—never a gourmet—who reached his home at 3 o'clock one morning to find himself locked out."

"He rang and rang, and at last his wife protruded her head from an upstairs window."

"You can just go away," she said. "I'm tired of this. You shan't get in tonight."

"But, my dear," hiccupped the husband, "I have brought home a broiled lobster and two bottles of champagne."

"Oh," said the lady, in a mollified tone. And she came down and opened the door."

"I'll make a light, dear," she said, leading the way through the dark hall towards the dining room."

"And then she turned on the electric current, and, looking at her husband, frowned."

"But where," she demanded, "is the lobster and champagne?"

"Here," said the man, with a coarse laugh, striking himself on the stomach."

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CURRENT INTEREST.

WORKING GIRLS' HOTEL.

The most recent of hotels exclusively for women was opened the other day in New York. It is for working girls earning not more than \$10 a week. It is non-sectarian and it is to be maintained by the young people of the Epworth League of New York. At present there are accommodations for only eighteen girls, but it is hoped soon to enlarge it. The board paid is \$4 a week. The girls make their own beds and keep their rooms tidy, and the heavy cleaning is done for them weekly."

DISEASE HAS FREAKS.

No medical man needs to be told that even disease has its freaks, and that recovery has occasionally been brought about by means inexplicably trivial. One of the most remarkable of these unaccountable eccentricities of disease took place at Halver, in Westphalia. The case was that of a boy who, as the result of a very heavy fall backward on his head while skating, had for a year and a half been deaf and dumb. One morning his brother went to awake him, and finding him sleeping heavily tapped him lightly on the forehead. To his amazement the deaf and dumb boy awoke with a loud cry. Both speech and hearing had been restored."

CANADIANS IN UNITED STATES.

In the United States, according to the census, are \$19,264 Canadians 10 years of age or over. Forty per cent of these are engaged in manufacturing, 30 per cent in personal service, between 17 and 18 per cent in trade and transportation, about the same percentage in agriculture, and somewhat over 4 per cent in professions. The percentage in the professions. The proximity the same as that of the native born white population in the United States. The large numbers, as compared with the number left behind following the same occupations throw light on conditions in Canada—for example, the number of expatriated Canadian teachers and college professors, lawyers and clergymen."

TURKISH SCHOOL SYSTEM.

The Berlin Neue Korrespondenz publishes a letter from Constantinople, in which the writer dwells at length upon the fact that a "sentiment in favor of reorganization of the Turkish school system is steadily growing. The official Turkish organs of this city (Constantinople) have within the last few weeks published several articles on the subject. They declare the present system antiquated and demand at once more attention to the instruction of German, French and English and that the rising generation be better equipped for the work before them than those who have preceded." We know that no paper would be so open in its demands for reform if its views were not shared by the government, and for that reason there is good demand for a belief in the speedy betterment of the Turkish schools."

ENEMIES OF DANTE.

The enemies of the author of the "Divine Comedy" are not all dead, according to the correspondent in Alexandria of a Roman paper. The Dante Alighieri Society of that city offered to the municipal authorities a statue of the poet which the society wished to erect in a prominent place. The gift was rejected because of the violent protests on the part of the Moslem element. "It would be blasphemy," they said, "and an affront to Mahometanism, because it forbids honoring men by the erection of monuments."

This excuse was faulty, because statues have been erected at Alexandria and at Cairo. "The real cause for objection," says the report, "is that the Moslem people will not forget that Dante gave their prophet a place in the infernal regions." The offer was finally withdrawn."

ANACHRONISTIC.

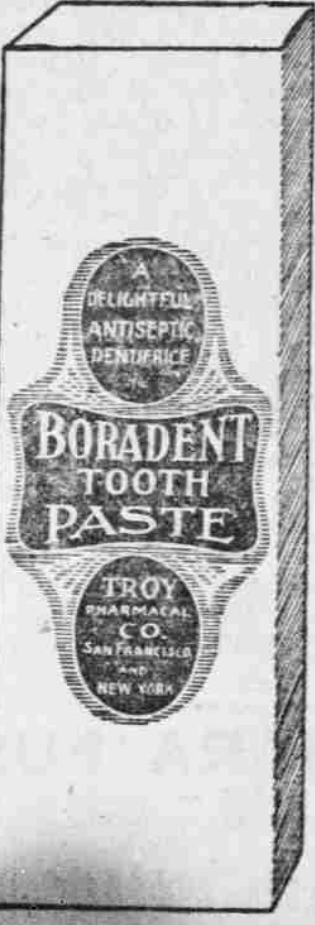
An old Dutch Bible found in the Humansdorp district of Cape Colony has a frontispiece depicting Cain shooting Abel with a blunderbuss."

—

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ONE ON BOSTON.

A well-known Washington architect who has just returned from Boston is chortling over a good joke on that correct and literary city. He says that in the reading room of one of the most exclusive clubs in the Hub there is a sign that reads: "Only Low Conversation Permitted Here."—Harper's Weekly.